



A NEW SONG ON THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE

Good people I pray pay pay attention
And listen to what I relate
Concerning the Jermons & prusions
We are told they are on the retreat
The Frenchmen were always good soldiers
For fighting on land or on sea
McMahon would conquer victorious
Of Napoleon had gave him his way

CHORUS—

Fill up your glass & be hearty
And drink to the Frenchmen brave
Likewise to noble McMahon
Who never his Country betray'd

When the prusions commence'd this great battle
They thought that the world they'd beat
Yhem elves & the Jermons came for-are
Determined that France they'd invade

When the French made their canons to rattle
They ran to the Forrest like Bears
Where McMahon would have conquer'd in battle
But for Boney who did him betray

The prusions they are to be pityed
According to what people say

Themselves & Jermons are falling
With famine hard-hip & plague
While the Frenchmen have very good fodder,
For themselves & thir gooses to spare

So they run in the front of the battle
Thank God they are gaining the day

You have heard of McMahon in the battle
He fought ten to one its quite plain

Likewise in the battle of Metz
Where Bazine did him betray

Now there will be another great battle
Where the French will have canons to spare,
Where the prusions they cannot come for-ard
And of Jermons there will be no trace

So now as I am in a hurry
Kiss me of what I relate

The hand of our Lord is against them
For the Prusions & Nuns they have slay'd

So now when you are at your leisure
You'll fervently offer your prayers
Hoping in God & Mary

For them there will be shortly no trace

So now to conclude & finish
Long life to the Republic so great

They are fighting a noble battle
The rights of their Country to save

But our Lord he has made a good promise
That he with his Church would remain

That no prusion on earth would invade her;
Nor the gates of hell to prevail